

Carnival of fools

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Carnival of fools

by [ZLaurent](#)

Summary

In the heart of London, a foolish jester takes a wrong turn and ends up in the hands of a peculiar well know partner of cannibals.

Notes

My very dear disclaimer please pardon my poor use of language,I am not a native speaker indeed.

Have fun ,Enjoy

First impressions

First impressions

The weather in London was as gloomy and miserable as the city itself. The sun had been absent for several months, leaving the sand jester feeling homesick. Back in his homeland, even the usual wacky summer climate had some sunlight to offer.

Now, lost in a brand new city, he found himself wandering through a residential neighborhood. Suddenly, a towering building stood before him, catching his attention.

Intrigued and hoping to find some adventure to chase away the boredom, he stepped inside.

"I ain't gonna find anything in this Harry Potter house," the jester muttered, his tiny goofy feet exhausted from what felt like centuries of walking on sharp stones. He then noticed a vending machine and a few doors nearby.

"Finally, what a blessing from the English god," he thought, running toward the machine.

To his dismay, he discovered that he had no cash left, not a single penny in his pocket. "Nono no no, ah, hell nah, man!" he cried out desperately.

With no money and no hope, he found himself lost in the midst of what would soon become a complete

Carnival of fools.

"Why me?" he lamented, feeling hungry. He contemplated either retracing his steps to the hotel, where the remnants of last night's room service dinner awaited him, where there was nothing else to do but wait for his friend, or trying to get something from the vending machine. Even a simple crumb would suffice to ease his hunger.

Without a moment's hesitation, he began shaking the machine vigorously with both hands and all his strength. "Oy, mate! Let those cookies out!" he groaned in his mock accent.

Unbeknownst to the jester, a man stood behind him, observing his antics. His eyes were deep and alluring, like the finest aged wine, brimming with complexity and mystery.

Time had etched lines of wisdom and experience onto his meticulously crafted face, adding to the allure of a cherished vintage.

His noble countenance exuded the grace of maturity, akin to a well-aged oak barrel, imbuing his features with a distinguished and refined character.

His chiseled cheekbones spoke of strength, while his lips, soft and velvety, promised the taste of sweet enchantment.

The man's dark cascading hair resembled a robust and full-bodied varietal, accentuating his every movement. He possessed an effortless elegance, akin to a sommelier gracefully swirling a glass, coaxing forth the bouquet of flavors.

His presence lingered in the air, much like the alluring aroma of a cherished wine. "Are you hungry, little one? It seems you're having some trouble here," he spoke, breaking the silence.

Startled, the jester turned quickly, facing his unexpected interlocutor. "Oh, yes, I am hungry. Everything's fine here," he replied, nonchalantly leaning against the vending machine, pretending as if nothing had transpired.

They stared at each other in silence, a moment interrupted by the sound of a pack of cookies falling behind them, shattering the stillness for several seconds. Seizing the opportunity, the jester swiftly snatched them up, leaning his back against the machine as he rummaged through the pack. To his disappointment, he found only a crusty diet bar.

"Hehe, so where were we, mister?" the jester asked, trying to regain his composure. The man simply nodded his head and replied, "Well, you're full of tricks, aren't you?" The jester chuckled nervously, "Tricks? Being a clown is far from being a trickster, blud." He began munching on the diet bar.

The man observed the jester with a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes. "Ah, but your antics suggest otherwise. Shaking that vending machine with such fervor, hoping to coax out a treat without a coin to spare. It takes a certain cleverness, wouldn't you say?"

The jester paused mid-bite, a mischievous glint appearing in his eyes. "Well, if you can call it cleverness, then I believe I can't argue. After" He took another bite of the diet bar, savoring the slightly stale taste.

The man chuckled softly, appreciating the jester's spirit. "Indeed, the art of entertainment knows no bounds. But tell me, my friend, what brings you to this unfamiliar city? Surely, there must be a story behind your wanderings."

The jester swallowed the last bite of the diet bar and wiped his hands on his rather dark attire. "Ah, yes well, I'm on my summer vacation and I decided to go talk a walk una where that would find myself lost in this maze of a city."

The man nodded, understanding the jester's yearning for novelty. "London has a way of captivating those who seek the extraordinary. But fear not, my friend, for even in the labyrinth of the city, there are hidden treasures waiting to be discovered."

"This Morgoth ahh place ain't nothing special," the jester thought to himself, casting a fleeting glance around the bustling streets of Covent Garden. As he pondered his next move, the man with the distinguished countenance approached him once more, his inviting smile and warm demeanor putting the jester at ease.

"Do you happen to still be hungry, little one?" the man asked, his eyes twinkling with genuine concern. "Some company for dinner wouldn't be bad, and I assure you, the fare I have in mind will be far from ordinary."

The jester's stomach let out another growl, as if in agreement with the man's proposition. He considered for a moment, weighing the offer in his mind. "I don't really have anything else to do," the jester replied with a grin. "So yes, I can join, Mr...?"

The man chuckled softly, his eyes gleaming mischievously. "Hannibal," he stated, his voice carrying an air of mystery. He paused for a second, savoring the moment before continuing. "Hannibal Lecter, at your service."

"Hannibal Lecter, huh?" the jester echoed, his voice filled with a mix of intrigue and caution. "Your name rhymes with meatball, Mr. Lecter. I must admit, I'm intrigued by such a name."

Hannibal's lips curled into a wry smile, his eyes gleaming with a hint of amusement. "Ah, dear one, I can understand your reservations. But fear not, for tonight, my intentions are purely gastronomic in nature. I invite you to experience a dining affair unlike any other, where flavors intertwine with stories and the art of indulgence reigns supreme."

The jester's curiosity got the better of him, and he nodded in agreement. "Hell yes, Mr. Lecter, I shall accept your mysterious invitation."

On the rocks

Chapter Summary

Jester continues its wonderful night with Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

On the rocks

As they walked side by side towards Hannibal's department, Jester couldn't stop thinking about his current stroke of luck. "First, a goddamn model talks to me, and now I get a free dinner," he thought joyously, wishing for this streak of fortune to last a while longer. "Out of curiosity, what happens to be your name, little one?" Hannibal asked, breaking the silence.

Jester smiled and replied, "My name? I'm Charon." Hannibal's eyes lit up with recognition. "Ah, the Greek boatman who took the deceased to the underworld. How interesting," he said with a smile.

"So, I suppose you are a tourist from Greece, Charon?" Hannibal inquired, genuinely curious. Jester chuckled and replied, "Greece? I wish! But no, I'm actually from... California," he lied, deciding it was best to keep his speedy Gonzales' true origins hidden. With you know she is it gonna be a hot day

"Oh, the USA ! Rahhh 🦅🦅🦅🇺🇸🗽 (didn't say last part, jester got delulu) I barely noticed any accent, couldn't tell until you mentioned it. Not many Californian gentrifies come to London, especially in the attum," Hannibal responded, intrigued by Jester's background.

"California knows how to party, in the city, city of love," Jester quipped, unknowingly referencing a popular song. He had only heard about California through stupid songs and Hollywood movies about Chihuahuas, which he awfully enjoyed unironically .

"So you like parties, Charon?" Hannibal asked, his curiosity piqued. Jester nodded eagerly and replied, "Um, yes, sir! I love parties and circuses." Hannibal's smile widened.

"Even English masquerades? Like the ones where you dance with masks? I've always found them really old money," he wondered aloud. Jester shook his head, admitting, "Never been to one, actually."

"In person, I've once had a dream about it" continued the fool, Jester couldn't fully trust Hannibal yet, despite his pleasant demeanor and stylish appearance.

It was too early to put all his faith in someone. As they arrived at Hannibal's place, Jester noticed Hannibal scanning their surroundings, searching for any potential observers.

"Welcome to my place, dear. Make yourself at home," Hannibal said, opening the door to a Victorian-style apartment with red walls, adorned with drawers and framed paintings mainly depicting food and naked men. "Whoa whuu You've got quite a nice place here, Mr. Hannibal," Jester commented, amused by the surroundings and exploring the room with wide eyes.

The place felt more like a luxurious restaurant than an actual living space, but Jesters broke ass couldn't complain at all.

"After all, money must be funny in a rich man's world" remembered the fool

He was there to admire and appreciate, not to criticize. As they walked through a short hallway, they reached a long flat table already adorned with fruits and some animal bones—a sight Jester wasn't accustomed to witnessing. "Ahh It's just British stuff, lol," he thought, finding it both intriguing and peculiar.

Hannibal clasped his hands together, his gaze locked with Jester's eyes. "For our starter, we're having Escargots de Bourgogne—tender snails sautéed in garlic butter, served in their shells. A classic French delicacy that tantalizes the palate with its rich and savory flavors," Hannibal explained, his voice carrying a hint of excitement.

Jester's jaw dropped in surprise. "Dawg, in Queens home, they barely give you a salad," he thought, clearly impressed.

As they both took their seats at the table, Hannibal offered Jester a glass of wine, which he politely declined. After all, Jester was not yet of legal drinking age, and he had no tolerance at all anyways.

Hannibal reached for a lighter, carefully igniting the various candles placed on the table, casting a warm glow around the room.

The flickering flames added an enchanting ambiance to the already elegant setting, the first plate came in it was the so called "entrance" jester didn't want to be impolite so he firsts started with small ity bitty bites which only tease him for more, more and more of that softly sweet food.

"Mmmmmmm, so so delicious, you're such a great chef, Gordon Ramsey level I think, I've only heard of escargots in tomodachi Life!" cried out the jester, his eyes twinkling with delight as he savored the exquisite dish.

"I'm glad you like them, little one," Hannibal replied, a warm smile gracing his lips. "My partner doesn't share your enthusiasm for escargots. He's been rather moody lately."

"So you married or something?" (Couldn't tell from those paintings who 🤔 tho) said the jester" taking another bite of the escargot

Hannibal chuckled softly, his laughter as refined as the setting around them. "Kind of, but it's not quite the same ever since we got engaged."

The jester raised an eyebrow, bemused. "Really? You don't strike me as a wife-beater or something like that. More like a dentist, I'd say."

He playfully took another bite of the escargot, savoring the rich flavors
Hannibal burst into laughter, his eyes crinkling with amusement.

"Hahaha, dear, you're too young to be jumping to conclusions like that.

Oh my, you've got so much to experience in life." He took a leisurely sip of wine as he spoke.

The jester, still intrigued by the conversation, couldn't resist a jest. "Do I really look that young? Come on, Mr. Lecter, be honest."

Hannibal leaned back in his chair, his gaze thoughtful. "I may be wrong, I may be right, but you look to be below 17."

The jester grinned, appreciating the honesty. "Nuh uh uh, you're not entirely incorrect.

But still, I'm not below 13, as some folks might assume for my height lol ."

You know, Mr. Lecter," the jester began thoughtfully, "I've always been intrigued by people's hidden talents. I mean, who would have thought that beneath your refined exterior, you're a culinary genius? Tell me, what other surprises have you got ?"
Hannibal regarded the jester with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, dear jester, surprises are what make life truly enchanting, don't you think? But I do have my share of interests beyond the kitchen.

I am an avid art enthusiast, and these paintings you've been admiring are a testament to that."
“(Your naked men huh, doesn’t impress me at all)” thought the jester before being casually interrupted.

"So, what part of California do you come from? Coast or border?" asked the elegant fellow, his curiosity piqued.

The jester found himself momentarily stunned by the simplicity of the question.

"Border," he replied, his mind racing with various interpretations.

Border with Canada? Border with Texas? Or perhaps just the singular 'border' where there was talk of a big wall, that orange figure wanted to build.

In that single moment, the jester choked on his food, his thoughts spiraling into a frenzy.

After a few seconds of coughing and gasping for air, he managed to regain his composure and offered, "Coast, actually." Los Angeles, to be precise hay vivo si."

"Interesting," the elegant man replied. "I've heard it's quite a touristy place, but not exactly the most walkable, isn't it mi pequeño invitado?"

The jester, still flustered by the previous question, replied nervously, "Kind of. You know, it's where they film those big movies, and there's Legoland, you know." He couldn't help but be surprised by the man's knowledge of Spanish.

"Wait, so you speak Spanish?" asked the jester, his jaw dropping in astonishment.

"I know many languages, my dear," the elegant man replied with a knowing smile. "There's always something interesting to learn, especially when it comes to communicating with other folks."

The jester, trying to cover up the truth, decided to play coy. "Whoa, I don't really know much Spanish, just a few words from my Cuban neighbors," he lied through his teeth, even though Spanish had been a part of his life since birth actually.

Jester finally took a sip of the desert, hoping it would help calm his nerves and distract from the mischievous lies that had passed his lips, unaware of the effect the wine filler would have on him.

As they continued their conversation, which seemed to be straying into nonsense, a storm that had raged outside finally began to subside.

"So, do you have any kids? Or grandkids, I don't judge," the jester inquired, trying to maintain a sense of normalcy.

"Biologically, emotionally, or legally?" the elegant man responded, his gaze sharp and contemplative.

"Legally, I suppose," the jester clarified.

"None that I'm aware of currently," the man replied casually.

"The idea never really crossed my mind."

As they continued to talk about nonsense, the storm had finally dropped.

It's unknown if it was either the little wine or the amount of sugar in their bloodstream but it definitely started to due effect on the fool.

"So, I actually have this black belt that's my favorite," he declared.

The elegant man raised an eyebrow. "Let me guess, in what? Karate or is it taekwondo?"

The jester chuckled mischievously. "Nuh uh uh, it's from Gucci."

The man's expression remained unchanged. "Was that a joke?"

"Only your marriage is," the jester retorted, his words slipping out with a mix of humor and audacity.

With a subtle shift in his demeanor, the elegant man finally spoke in a tone that carried an air of finality, "I believe it's time for you to go already, dear Charon. You don't want to upset me, do you?"

"We'll do I? Is it possible for me to do so? ".Anyways, did you know I once tried to play a pirated copy of Garfield Kart, when Garfield jumped out of my 3Ds! Hannibal couldn't help but to stare in confusion as it kept talking "We are currently married with three beautiful children and a big mansion in Polanco" as they finished the last sentence an awkward silence started.

Both of them rose from their chairs in a synchronized motion, the London rain outside providing a somber symphony to their almost silent act.

There was a big tension in the air, an unspoken understanding that the evening had reached its conclusion, and it was already time for the jester to depart.

They stood there for a while, the elegant fellow and the jester, their eyes locked in a moment of quiet contemplation, as if searching for something more within the depths of each other's gaze.

The rain continued to fall, a steady rhythm that mirrored the uncertainty of the moment.

Finally, breaking the stillness, the elegant fellow took a step forward, his movements graceful and deliberate. He gestured for the jester to follow, a wordless invitation to the next chapter of their encounter.

With a sense of intrigue and a tinge of reluctance, the jester complied, allowing the elegant fellow to guide him through the dimly lit hallway.

Each step echoed with the soft click of their shoes against the clean wood floor, a contrasting to the persistent wild rain outside.

But as they approached the doorway, fate seemed to have other plans.

In a twist of comedic misfortune, the jester's own shoe betrayed them, causing him to slip and tumble to the floor in an undignified fashion. It was a moment of silliness.

Falling asleep in the wolf's mouth, or should I say beast's?.

Chapter End Notes

I thank all the support I've received lately, it's always so wonderful whenever my works gets some sort of recognition.

By the way Pardon my non apropiarte use of emojis in this chapter,I believe they add more “comedy”

Orphic Arcadian

Chapter Summary

Jester stood up on the streets of disease, it was certain that the smell of sickness itched through its body, the woods was dark as the night itself, you couldn't see anything but a rising light throughout the pines.

Chapter Notes

Birthday post yay! :D

Pardon me for not having a good post schedule, I've been kind of busy with school lately.

Jester stood up on the streets of disease, it was certain that the smell of sickness itched through its body, the woods was dark as the night itself, you couldn't see anything but a rising light throughout the pines.

A haunting melody, an ancient symphony, echoed from the source of that spectral light, the music of death itself. Unseen celebrants moved in shadowy rituals, their voices chanting in an unknown language, an arcane celebration of an antique entity.

From the obscurity emerged a figure, draped in an enigmatic cloak, an embodiment of the shadows themselves. Its voice, a spectral whisper, emanated from the abyss.

"If you are to persist in your life of fortune and serendipity, you must proffer sacrifice," the figure murmured, gliding further into the depths of darkness, its form an enigma within an enigma.

Jester's voice quivered as he inquired, "who?". He passed some saliva as he asked.

- "Moloch horrid king besmeared with blood".

- "asked"

Before the punchline even hit, a man from the shadows came to drag jester from the back, burying his Hands up against each other, laying torso in chest. Floundering and trying to knock, "hey it was just a joke, let me go asshole!" Screamed the fool.

Being dragged towards the light, as they arrived music stopped, silence filled the circle in which all those strangers danced, "I've brought reward to our lord".

"Hay me trajeron al Cerro de la Estrella," Jester mused, his heart heavy with a mix of awe and trepidation. As he lay on the rock, his limbs bound in a manner reminiscent of stereotypical Mexica rituals, he found himself surrounded by an eclectic group of strangers.

With a curious gaze, Jester turned toward them and asked, "Where exactly are we?" But his question echoed into a sea of faceless individuals, none offering a reply. Instead, they resumed their enigmatic ceremony, forming a circle that seemed to resonate with an otherworldly energy.

Their song, resembling Mozarts "requiem," filled the air with an ethereal and poetic resonance.

Jester couldn't help but be captivated by its intoxicating melodies. It was as if he had been thrust into the heart of a surreal opera, where the performers wore intricate masks, their voices weaving a spellbinding narrative that transcended time and space.

As the voices rose and fell, Jester's senses became increasingly attuned to the sensory symphony unfolding around him. The night air was thick with the scent of copal incense, its smoky tendrils wrapping around the gathered assembly like ghostly fingers.

He could feel the heartbeat of the earth beneath him, as if this mount itself pulsed with life.

The enigmatic performers, with their elaborate masks and flowing robes, moved gracefully in the moonlight.

They gestured and swayed in perfect harmony with the requiem, their movements as fluid and deliberate as a well-rehearsed ballet.

It was a performance unlike any he had ever witnessed, a glimpse into a world where the boundaries between reality and dreams blurred into one.

As Jester lay there, bound to the ancient rock, he couldn't help but wonder if he had stumbled upon a portal to another realm, a place where time and space were mere illusions, and the music of the cosmos played out in a mesmerizing, eternal dance.

This woods had become a stage, and he, an unwitting participant in a surreal and enchanting spectacle that defied explanation.

They started unchaining the others next to jestah, and when it was it's turn he simply flew away running in all fours towards the woods.

"I've gotta be like jimmy neutron gon blast brrrbr" said as he flew away," get our tribute back"someone screamed"I'll go after" said lecturer who went running towards him.

It was a cardiac race, jester running like an animal, Hannibal hunting him down as the fool got tired and hid beneath a tree, breathing hardly, placing a hand against his chest, being covered only in a simple white robe it got cold "you're not going far, not this time nor another".

Hidden for some time, the jester could only hear the steps, groans of his hunter, which only got closer and closer each second. "he's going to get you anyway, you're already claimed by his followers, you're no one but a meek fool if you believe you can escape"

- "you're getting in the soup a way or another"

That was the word that hit him the hardest, "Fool." Who was he to call them that way, he wondered? With a silly stick on hand, he took a deep, concerning breath and carefully climbed down from the tall tree. He hadn't even begun to find answers when, suddenly, blinding lights appeared in front of him.

It was a sleek, crimson Ferrari with a fabulous red dragon emblazoned on its hood. A melodic voice from inside the car beckoned urgently, "Get in, Charon, there's no time to explain!" Without hesitation, Charon swiftly made his way into the car, and the engine roared to life as they sped off through the dense woods.

As they raced through the forest, Charon couldn't contain his excitement. "Oh my god, Clem, I just had such fucking night uhh," he exclaimed, his voice tinged with a mix of astonishment and disbelief.

Clem, the figure behind the wheel, carefully removed his sunglasses, revealing a pair of deep, blue eyes. He listened intently as Charon continued, "So, I was just going about my usual things. I swear, I went back to the hotel, and everything seemed normal, but..."

Charon's voice trailed off, and he took a moment to compose himself, taking deep breaths to ward off the impending tears. Clem, sensing Charon's distress, softly inquired, "Pink Panther?"

Charon nodded solemnly, his heart heavy with the memories of the night's events. "Who else could it be?" he muttered, as if the mere mention of the enigmatic Pink Panther stirred a whirlwind of emotions within him.

In that cramped Ferrari hurtling through the forest, Charon and pink panther shared a rare moment of vulnerability. They attempted to hug, their bodies twisting and turning in the tight space, but it was a gesture that spoke volumes about the deep bond between them, one forged through countless adventures and shared secrets.

- "omg you've always been my favorite cartoon lion ahhh!, I can't believe my eyes!

- "repeat my name again."

- "pink panther?"

- "Say that again but slower."

- "I don't get it."

- "I'm a PANTHER."

- "simply a type of lion."

- "im a fucking panther."

- "They aren't pink?"

- "AND LIONS ARE?!"

The pink one stopped the car fanatically as he heard those words.

- "and ?..since when can you talk anyways?!"

"It's gonna be a long, long night," the Panther sighed, his voice carrying the weight of impending hours of darkness. He reached for a bottle of cheap red wine, the rich aroma wafting through the car as he poured himself a glass.

With a smooth, practiced motion, he raised the glass to his lips and sipped it slowly, savoring the taste that danced on his tongue.

The deep red liquid seemed to hold secrets of its own, mysteries that mirrored the enigmatic night ahead.

Meanwhile, the Jester, always resourceful, decided to make himself comfortable for the long night ahead. He unfolded a newspaper and draped it over himself as if he was homeless.

The paper crackled as he adjusted it around his shoulders, its headlines and stories providing a flimsy barrier against the encroaching darkness.

As the Panther continued to sip his wine, he cast a contemplative gaze towards the Jester. "You know," he began, his voice with a French accent of amusement, "it's quite the odd pair we make, you and I."

The Jester chuckled softly, his eyes twinkling with mischief despite the seriousness of the situation. "Wii, indeed," he agreed. "I've had more normal night rides, but ok".

"Listen, you've need to be careful on how you roam your cards"

"Meaning my new friends?"

"Exacly, dear you cannot keep on hanging out with the doctor"

"Hey but he took me out for dinner, and models never talk to me, nor doctors!"

"Alright you might not take this well... but "interrupted jester "He's dating someone, I know"

"What! No no no that's not"

"I know, I would kill to give him a smoochie even if it's a little one, I never pull anything you kno.."

"What?, stop it I heard enough"

He started going faster with the car entering a little town.

As he continued to press the accelerator, the car surged forward, its engine roaring with power as they sped through the winding roads that led to a quaint, picturesque town. The headlights illuminated the narrow streets, casting long, dramatic shadows on the cobblestone pavement.

"How could you know anyway?"

"I'm simply a product of your imagination"

"What I was about to tell you is that he's a cannibal!"

"Wait who-

Out of nowhere, a beautiful deer suddenly jumped onto the road. The Panther tried to avoid it, but they couldn't. The car crashed into the deer, making a loud noise.

The crash woke up the Jester. He was scared and didn't know what was happening. The car's windshield was broken, and rain was coming in.

Leal allies

Chapter Summary

A simple meeting with an old friend.

Of all the friends of the fool, there was none like Queen, for she held a special place in jester's heart, an unwavering bond that withstood the test of time even after the dissolution of the court.

With her fair skin, reminiscent of glistening white jade, and her luscious, curly olive hair that she often styled with care, Queen possessed a radiant beauty that captivated. But it wasn't just her physical appearance that set her apart.

Queen had once been a formidable enemy to the jester (primary school bully), a rival whose sharp wit and cunning had clashed with his jests and pranks. However, fate had a peculiar way of weaving its threads, and their paths had converged to transform her from a fierce foe into the jester's dearest ally.

Even if the world were to face its darkest hour, threatened by chaos and destruction, the bond between the jester and Queen would remain unyielding.

Their friendship was an unbreakable thread that transcended the limitations of time and space. It was a sanctuary where they found solace, strength, and unwavering support.

In the vast tapestry of their lives, the jester and Queen were intertwined, their destinies forever linked.

Their story was a testament to the transformative power of friendship, proving that even the most unlikely alliances could evolve into something truly extraordinary.

So, let their tale be whispered among the stars, echoed in the halls of ordinary history, and cherished by all who appreciate the profound connection between two souls.

They both had arrived in London a few days ago, the jester filled with pride and excitement, having won the trip in an art contest. His artworks were often overlooked, hidden in the shadows of obscurity, but that day, he was finally acknowledged.

As they stepped foot in the airport, Queen, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, expressed her desire to go hunting. The jester chuckled nervously, replying, "maybe after the rave, we can go eat at da ritzzzz!" Queen's laughter echoed through the terminal, sending shivers down the spines of those who heard it, for how awful it was.

With a shake of his head, he reasoned, "But who am I to know?"

Eagerly, the jester made his way into the living room, anticipation hanging in the air like a thick fog.

His jaw dropped in horror as Hannibal entered, carrying a mysterious black suitcase. Hastily, the jester pretended to be engrossed in his sketches, frantically doodling ugly asf Garfield doing coke to conceal his trepidation.

Hannibal nonchalantly placed the suitcase in the kitchen,

The jester had finally seen his phone,unaware of the jester's piercing gaze fixated on his phone, resting innocently on the drawer by the door.

Suddenly, Hannibal's voice broke the silence, his tone dripping with intrigue, "What are you drawing, little one? I never knew you harbored such artistic talent." The jester's throat ran dry, and he nervously swallowed his saliva, his heart pounding in his chest.

Summoning every ounce of fake confidence, he replied, "It's garf hitting the bon, just a silly cat?." Hannibal nodded, his eyes gleaming with an unsettling fascination. "I see the abstraction in your work, the twisted beauty it possesses. It intrigues me," he remarked with a hint of sadistic delight.

The jester forced a smile, a mask to conceal his true feelings, and replied, "Well, I have always enjoyed drawing cats, the unconventional just like myself ."

Little did the jester know, his jests and playful banter were about to take a sinister turn in the company of Hannibal, whose appetite for the class and macabre was insatiable.

As shadows danced on the walls and eerie laughter filled the air, the fool couldn't help but wonder if his quick wit would be enough.

As the idea of escape ignited like a lightning bolt in the jester's mind, a surge of adrenaline coursed through his veins, electrifying his every nerve.

It was a rescue mission, a desperate attempt to break free from the clutches of the cannibal.

Like a tempest brewing in the distance, the jester's body trembled with newfound determination.

"I'm going to Hyde park to see the ducks" the jester blurted out, his voice filled with childlike

enthusiasm. The words spilled from his lips without a trace of hesitation, as if they were summoned by an invisible force.

Hannibal, taken aback momentarily, remained silent, his mind calculating the risks and implications of granting such a request. After a pregnant pause, he finally spoke, his tone laced with caution, "Just make sure you return before nightfall, I've got a surprise." A wide grin spread across the jester's face as he embraced Hannibal tightly, the rush of excitement overwhelming his senses.

With his heart pounding in his chest, he swiftly grabbed his phone, Gripping the doorknob, he felt a sudden jolt as Hannibal's voice sliced through the air, a warning echoing in his ears, "Come back if you happen to encounter any men in black suits." Rolling his eyes in a mixture of amusement and confusion, the jester nodded, assuring Hannibal, "Yes, yes, I will return." With that, he stepped out into the world, his feet hitting the pavement with a renewed sense of freedom.

Like a sprightly sprite, the jester bounded down the stairs, his movements infused with unadulterated joy.

Each step was a symphony of liberation, and he couldn't resist the urge to twist and turn, executing tiny jumps as if defying gravity itself. The very air seemed to dance around him, as if celebrating his newfound freedom. Passersby glanced at him with both amusement and bewilderment, unable to comprehend the eccentricity that emanated from his every pore.

As he made his way out of the building, the jester felt a thrill coursing through him, an exhilaration that accompanied the taste of liberty. The world outside beckoned to him, a vast playground of possibilities awaiting his arrival. With each stride, he embraced the boundless potential of the unknown.

As he walked away joyfully, spinning and frolicking in the bustling streets of London, the jester couldn't help but revel in the exhilarating feeling of freedom. Making sure he had put enough distance between himself and the commotion, he found himself unexpectedly entering a quaint phone station.

Irony hung in the air as he approached a dusty payphone, giving a mischievous smile before retrieving his phone from his pocket. With a playful glint in his eye, the jester dialed the number of the queen. As the phone rang, he couldn't help but imagine the queen's regal expression, trying to suppress her amusement at his impulsive antics. Finally, someone answered on the other end, and he couldn't resist mocking the British accent, "Hellou, hello! Where the bloody hell are you bitch?" Screamed out jester, There was a brief pause, as the jesters voice came through, a mix of concern and

exasperation, "You said you were picking me up at the hotel when the fucking shrek rave ended!" He couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt at the worry he had caused.

"Well, I should be the one to complain," queen retorted, "I left the rave yesterday only to find an empty hotel room with a sticky silly little Crayola note." The queen's voice carried a hint of both frustration and delight at hearing the jester's funny voice, "hai and goodbye I went for some food outside thanks".

-“EEY ey it wasn’t really like that, you make me sound like a middle schooler, such a difamer that u are!”.

-“I’m literally reading it”.

-“eh eh that’s not true, may I see it ?”

-“I simply don't need you to believe me

-“Well this it’s not such a mess, uh You know what I consider a mess?”

-“Your life?”.

-“the fnaf lore, comple-

-“w- well yes, but- that’s not the deal! Today!”.

"I understand you're fooling around, but why didn't you call back?" questioned the queen, her worry still evident in her tone. "I was so worried about you. I swear I'm going to kill you if you ever do this to me again.

Anyways... I cannot get upset enough with you ughhh....so where did you get this time?"

“No no no don’t even say it, let me guess, you went to the Ritz, spend all of your furry Comision money on fancy hot chocolate and maybe a crusty tiny cracker, and all because of your delulu ass believes that’s a good old fashioned lover” growled the queen

-“and tell me how do you feel right after all?”

-“don’t even begin, know”

-“I'd like for you and I to go romancing!”

-“stop it”.

-“say the word your wish is my command,tututu ohh love, ohhh love

ohh lover boy, what are you doing tonight? Ohh hey boy”.

-“CHARON!”

Screamed out loud queen. (Even Freddie heard from the underworld).

“Uhh”.The jester paused his singing, relishing in the suspense before sending the queen a message. containing a single picture of a captivating figure, Hannibal,causing the queen's eyes to widen in both surprise and delight. Her voice took on a sassy tone as she asked, forgetting for a moment the big deal jester was on, “fiu uffff and who is that gallan?”

“Wait, you don’t pull those kinds of hoes, you never pull anything at all ,WHAT THE HELL IS Going On?” Screamed out noisily

Chuckling, the jester responded dramatically, "Well, ummm I met him while wandering around, and I had this little ridiculously silly idea of staying in his apartment.

Hehehe sowy, Turns out, he's a cannibal, and I'm currently living in his house." The queen's sharp intake of breath conveyed her shock, as mysterious men wandered around.

“Total dilt to be true, good old fashioned”

“Well said he’s Fine as an old wine, do you know if he’s single?”

“Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me!” Out of nowhere Screamed with desperation almost breaking the fancy London phone

"Wait wait He 'sa WHAT?" she exclaimed, her voice filled with disbelief. Meanwhile, the jester noticed some mysterious men loitering in the vicinity, adding an air of intrigue to the unfolding situation.

Unfazed, he continued, "A C-A-N-N-I-B-A-L, from top to bottom, more top than bottom Just nevermind,I'll give you the directions to come for 'dinner' this afternoon as my friend, and we'll figure out what to do, please just fucking help me this time ahhhha aha, i don’t wanna be ratatouille by tomorrow or some fancy bris’h fish and shit."

The queen's voice cracked with a mixture of concern and frustration, "What the hell have you done know? Ughhhhhh, you fucking idiot! Eres todo un pinche inhábil urghhh." Sensing the urgency in her tone, the jester swiftly ended the call just as the mysterious men began to draw closer, their presence becoming more palpable.

The jester's heart raced with a thrilling combination of anticipation and trepidation. Little did he know that this impulsive decision would set in motion a chain of events that would test their friendship and challenge their wit and cunning.

The jester's heart raced as an eerie sense of foreboding washed over him.

The once bustling streets of London seemed to quiet down, swallowed by an unsettling stillness. Shadows danced ominously, elongating and twisting as the mysterious men drew closer, their presence casting an aura of malevolence.

He could feel their eyes upon him, penetrating and cold.

Their footsteps echoed ominously, a haunting cadence that echoed through his mind.

Fear gripped him tightly, constricting his chest as he wondered what sinister intentions they harbored.

As the jester hurriedly ended the call with the queen, his hand trembled, fumbling to switch off the phone.

The image of Hannibal lingered in his mind, the dark allure and twisted charm of the cannibal leaving a haunting imprint.

The jester's thoughts raced, realizing the gravity of the situation he had stumbled into.

As the jester cautiously made his way towards the apartment, his nerves on edge, a sudden touch jolted him out of his thoughts.

Startled, he turned to find Will, Hannibal's niece, standing beside him.

His presence added another layer of intrigue to the already unsettling situation.

"You're Hannibal's niece, right?" The crusty man with glasses asked, his voice trembling slightly. Jester nodded, his expression unreadable.

"And since when? You smart bastard" thought jester.

Maravillosa es la noche

Chapter Summary

Our friends take a glimpse into the masquerade .

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The man wore dark aviator glasses and a walking stick. Several dogs accompanied him, at that moment it was clear for jester whom could only imagine the troubles of such life.

“I wasn’t expecting Hannibal to have more family out there”

“Neither I to have an aunt here at London, hehehe”

"Small world, isn't it?"

“Yep Really but extremely small world”

“He said I should walk you safe home”

“Uhh alright?, (as if he could walk alone) though the fool who then responded
“congrats on the wedding by the way”

The man nodded, his dark glasses hiding emotion in his eyes. "I can imagine," he replied, his tone thoughtful. "Weddings are special occasions, aren't they?"

Jester glanced at the man's dogs, each one unique in its appearance. "Yes of course alright ," he agreed. "Awww what sckrunklys ."

The man's face softened as he patted one of his dogs affectionately. "Yes, indeed," he said. "These are my family, my faithful friends."

“Careful they bite”

“Bazzingas”

Jester couldn't help but feel a sense of respect for the man and his canine companions. "Well, it was nice meeting you," he said, extending his hand, as if they could get a response 🥲🥲

They both walked towards the apartment precausioly, jester was not scared for the London streets; those were calm, having been raised in Latin America, the most ultra “dangerous” London street seemed like a Roblox swords game.

Some gritty old men in a football shirt shouted “Oi mate what ye lookin at?”

“Nothing dear sir” responded another one, the first threw him a newspaper, both will and jester starred before walking by.

“So what’s your favorite food mr will?”

“Mac and cheese And Yours?”

“Meat lasagna is so comforting, isn't it? And when it comes to ice cream, I can never decide on just one flavor – there are so many delicious options out there. But my absolute favorite is probably cookies and cream. As for hot chocolate, it's like a warm, sweet hug in a mug, especially on chilly nights. How do you like to enjoy your mac and cheese?”

"Well, I prefer my mac and cheese extra cheesy,

"I like my meat lasagna with lots of melted mozzarella on top. It adds that gooey, cheesy goodness to every bite. And, you know, a little sprinkle of Parmesan doesn't hurt either."

"I'm all in for chocolate chip cookie dough – the chunks of cookie dough in vanilla ice cream are hard to resist. And as for hot chocolate, do you prefer it with marshmallows or whipped cream?"

“None just with the cacao”(When Lecter said he was giving me a surprise today I didn’t expect an annoying child) he thought as Jester continued with his culinary showcase

They began going upstairs slowly, their footsteps echoing in the narrow, dimly lit stairwell. The old wooden steps creaked beneath their weight, each sound resonating through the silence of the building. As they ascended, the atmosphere grew progressively colder, and a musty scent hung in the air, a testament to the age of the place.

Far family typically resembles in few physical traits you could tell most of the times they were from the same bloodline far or not.

Of Mesoamerican Features Jester came with dark obsidian almond eyes that accompanied obscure straight stereotypical Oscar Wilde style hairs and bronze like skin, most of people were confused of their gender, which didn’t bother him he was a proud little guy, but to think that he was Hannibal's only niece, you had to either be blind or too imaginative.

will was both.

They knocked the door greeted by Hannibal in an elegant version of kiss the cook chef efron cause of course he had to wear one.

“Come in”

“I hope it wasn’t a big deal to look after my lovely niece, although he’s a little mischievous sometimes.” Jester tried to contain his laughter pretending to cough as his “auntie” spoke.

While jester was texting in a rapid peace on his phone on Snapchat

“Where you at?
“Pls Don’t get lost it’s the the 701”
“Those stairs r killin me boy”
“There’s an elevator, hehe sowy”
“👉 ky...~€£} {!?!?”

(Mhhh what am I gonna do uhhhuhhghh) jester cried out in his mind, he had never been good with elegant shit, although that food was more than elegant it was art itself, the pinnacle of gastronomy.

They all sit for dinner, surrounded by an opulent display of culinary mastery. The table, adorned with vibrant, meticulously arranged dishes, seemed to beckon to them with an allure that bordered on surreal. Each plate was a canvas, painted with flavors and textures that whispered promises of indulgence.

Jester, fidgeting with his silverware, felt a knot form in his stomach. The array of utensils before him seemed more like an intricate puzzle than tools for dining. He glanced at his companions, who seemed effortlessly at ease, navigating the dining etiquette with an air of sophistication that he could only envy.

“So could you tell us more about your artistic ability’s dear” lecturer asked “will I tell you he’s quite impressive, with all those marvelous sketches I can only think of an upcoming master”

“I see you must be quite talented” will responded

Jester shifted in his seat, surprised by the sudden attention directed at him. He cleared his throat, feeling a mix of anxiety and nerves at the unexpected praise.

"Oh, uhhh thank you," he stammered, trying to gather his thoughts. "I've always been drawn to drawing, you know? It's like my way of expressing things."

Lecter, the seasoned patron of the arts, leaned in with genuine interest. "And what inspires your creations? Is it the world around you or something deeper within?"

“Probably Minecraft or something kids nowadays like” said will with irony

“Oh I do remember the Soviet cartoons I used to watch at your age, my favorite one was shoe and shoelace, one cannot live without the other one” he smiled “technology has advanced so much these last decades that kids are essentially born on the internet”.

“He 's Soviet? Now I get why he so moody, it’s his first time seeing the sun” jester thought “bet he’s into a24”

“Whatever cartoons used to be better back then” will stated “like bugs bunny and his goofy friends”.

“Will the looney toons are still going on, with a remake called loonatics it’s a modern day superhero style show”responded the doctor.

Meanwhile, Will's nostalgia for classic cartoons sparked a conversation. "You can't beat the charm of those old-school cartoons," he declared, a hint of wistfulness in his tone. "Bugs Bunny and his antics were timeless."

The doctor, ever the bearer of surprising trivia, chimed in with a smile. "Looney Tunes do endure, though they've adapted to the times. 'Loonatics' brings a fresh twist, a fusion of the classic characters in a modern superhero setting."

"If they watch those nowadays think of the kids of the future, they will be seeing toilets with heads on or something like that" will responded.

(Which ironically was true but they didn't get to meet the horrors of YouTube shorts)

"Now you're just being mean to this generation, which is a common behavior on people who are beginning to notice their age"

"Dear I'm not that old"

"There's nothing wrong with aging will, it is a beautiful natural process that all experience" Hanni noted

"Gurl please 🙏 don't be late I'm bout to go nuts 😭😭" texted the fool as he sent a picture of himself with the dog filter, receiving no response not even a "Seen".

"Aging means acquiring knowledge and taste, fine wine, we get better with time. Now, speaking of time, have you all heard about the masquerade happening next week? It's going to be the talk!" He added with excitement.

The fool, finally looking up from his phone, raised an eyebrow. "Masquerade, you say? Count me in! Is there going to be food, though?" he quipped, earning laughter from the group.

"Of course they starve us to death"

Hannibal smiled softly in response "Don't be that mean with our guest, he's as inexperienced with this kind of events as you are".

And so, amidst the playful banter and talk of aging gracefully, the anticipation for the masquerade grew, promising an evening filled with mystery, laughter, and perhaps a touch of mischief.

"It's an annual event in which a club I'm part of does a big masquerade, with dancers music and let's not forget the wonderful costumes, it will be some good family time together"

(Family? Man I had never gone out with mine before, it must be good.) jester though.

"Please tell me I don't need to go in suit, I hate doing so"

"Not necessarily but it would be the most appropriate thing to wear, although it's only required for adults for you Charon I'll get you something else, maybe Gucci?. Hani said.

"I crave looking at you in a well fitted suit, at least once in my lifetime".

"Would I look good in one?"

"My eyes would be Turned into stars, in the state we're they burn for compassion".

At that point jesters eyes turned into money symbols like in cartoons, ("what was the panther even yapping about?, sure I'm having a lotta fun") he smiled as he continued eating.

Interrupting the moment jesta said "Maybe I'll exhibit my art some day said jester" breaking the silence

A warm smile played on Lecter's lips. "Ah, the essence. That's the heart of true artistry, isn't it? To convey the intangible in a tangible form." He paused "I must say, Charon, your sketches have a remarkable depth. It's as if they speak to the soul. Do you have any plans to exhibit your work?"

Jester blinked, taken aback by the question. "Exhibit? Oh, I'm not sure I'm at that level yet," he admitted, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension at the prospect. "But maybe someday. I just want to keep creating, keep learning."

Lecter nodded in understanding. "A commendable pursuit, indeed. Mastery is a journey, not a destination."

Someone knocked the main door hard, Hannibal stopped the conversation and stood up to open the door "excuse me" in the frame there stood a girl.

Older looking than jester, prettier a bit taller and way better dressed, pale as snow itself she was a direct opposite of her friend, like domino pieces so different yet so bound to each other.

"Does Charon live here?" She politely asked "I'm his friend from the park, he invited me over".

Fair well

"Great he has a girlfriend"

"Dear What did I say about those manners?"

"Just joking" he smiled

"Come in feel yourself at home sit wherever you wish to, all charon's friends are family for us"

The Queen looked at them delightful for their ethereal beauty, how could her friend even get to their knees when they were so divine.

Honored by their gratitude she came in and bowed to them, as if they were royalty

"Sorry She's uhh... welsh, hehe she really likes English people, darling that's too polite" she grabbed her by her palms and looked directly into her soul.

"She really has a thing for English people, darling. It's quite charming, don't you think?"

Lecter, maintaining his calm demeanor, raised an eyebrow and replied, "No need to apologize, although I'm Armenian, not English. But no worries, it's a common misconception."

"Misconception?" the queen thought out loud, observing Lecter with a curious expression.

"He sounds more southern European than wearing Nike," she added, her lips curling into a sly grin.

Lecter, sensing the playful banter, responded with a subtle smirk, "Appearances can be deceiving, dear. One's heritage isn't always reflected in their accent or choice of footwear."

The "Welsh" woman, caught in the middle of this cultural banter, couldn't help but chuckle nervously. "Well, it seems I've caused a bit of confusion here. I just appreciate good company, regardless of nationality."

"She's not Welsh isn't she?" Asked will to jester as the others talked behind them in the little highway.

"Nah, just her great great grandfather, but I'm pretty sure he was Irish or Jew?, can't remember, mine is death"

"Could never tell, she's more west coast than Katy"

"California girls, we're unforgettable!, west coast bikinis on top"

"That's not how the song goes, do you even listen to Katy? Cause her music is astonishing"

"By the way she's not my Boo or anything,so stop it with your attitude"

"Boo?,I'm definitely aging"

"Bare" responded as Will, looking at him curiously at what even happened.

The queen, intrigued by the unexpected turn of conversation, leaned in and teased, "So, Dr. Lecter, do you have any Welsh in you, or is it just the charming accent and impeccable manners?"

Lecter, maintaining his composed demeanor, replied with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm afraid I

can't claim Welsh ancestry, Your Majesty. But I've always found Welsh culture quite fascinating."

The atmosphere lightened as the trio continued their banter, each sharing snippets of their cultural background and exchanging playful remarks. Little did they know that this chance encounter would lead to an evening filled with laughter, cultural insights, and a bond formed over the shared joy of diverse company.

They all seated down in the big dining room, Jester and queen next to each other Will and the doctor the same but in front,

"So do you have any hobbies? Or just something you enjoy on free time" asked will to queen.

"Taking pictures and blogging my daily life, 2014 is definitely my gonna be my year in tumblr"

"And Starbucks" said the fool "Yassss this squad stands with caramel Frappuccino only".

"Cookies and cream is way better" Queen looked astonished. "No way you like that diabetic drink, who could consume that!"

"What about Espresso doppio? It's essentially just caffeine" said Hannibal "¡No!" Both started staring at the old man in anger. Jester sinking in arms, hiding behind one of the decorative plants.

"That's the issue with Frappuccinos it's too much sugar for such little proportion"

The queen, ever the advocate for her favorite indulgences, chimed in, "I agree. There's nothing wrong with a bit of sweetness in the coffee. It's all about balance, after all."

The young woman, attempting to lighten the mood, added, "Well, I must admit, I do enjoy a good cup of tea, but a well-crafted coffee has its own charm. Let's not let our preferences lead to a drama, shall we?"

Jester, coming out of nowhere sensing an opportunity to diffuse the tension, emerged from behind the plant and quipped, "Perhaps we can find common ground in the love for both tea and coffee. After all, variety is the spice of life, isn't it?"

"As if you drank anything but hot chocolate," jester chuckled.

"Sorry for the interruption but, what may I call you dear?" Asked Hannibal

"My name?..."she paused wondering what would sound believable "It's Catalina Ferreira" she said borrowing the last name of jesters Spanish ancestors.

"Catalina" like the saint of religious ecstasy. A wonderful book would recommend it for whenever you two are a bit older, simply by curiosity may I ask if you predict any religion?.

"Her majesty?? Hahahaha only if witchcraft as moorings counts!" Jester laughed.

"First of all You asked me to do it, second it did work didn't it?" Jester though for a second "Nuhh uh you turned me into the ace in the cards instead, which I thank but that doesn't

mean it worked”.

“Very interesting so you’re into paganism instead of conventional stuff?”

“Not really just experimenting with favors” she looked at the fool who kept laughing with class of course, like an old lady with hand on mouth.

“So how long have you known each other?”. The lies were starting to fall apart like whenever you pick a leaf from the street in Autumn, except this one could still be held on.

“Some hours... and I can already tell he’s not the smartest” queen joked nervously.

“The boy is one of those I see” will said after staying quiet for a time “social?”.queen responded.

“Fast to befriend”.

“I have to state, You’re not one of that kind will, if it was an appropriate term I’ll say you’re more of the solitary type, but that doesn't mean you’re not the most wonderful person I’ve met”

“Ever? Mmmm” will smiled flattered “I can see it in your eyes, they don’t tell lies even if it was quite a journey to enjoy this peace”.

As the atmosphere between them shifted, he reached out, gently tracing the contours of her hand with his fingertips. "We flew away quite a lot," he admitted, the words carrying a hint of nostalgia. "But I've found a different kind of flight in your company, a journey of its own."

He met his gaze, her eyes reflecting a mixture of warmth and understanding. "Sometimes the most beautiful flights are the ones that take place within the heart," she whispered, her fingers intertwining with his. "And I must say, this journey with you has been nothing short of extraordinary."

In that moment, amidst the exchange of tender words and shared glances, they found a connection that surpassed the boundaries of solitude and embraced the beauty of companionship.

He leaned in, his gaze holding a depth of emotion that spoke volumes. "I never anticipated finding such solace in someone's presence. It's as if we've created our own sanctuary amidst the chaos of the world."

he reciprocated the sentiment with a soft smile, her eyes locked onto his. "Perhaps we're two souls who, despite our solitary tendencies, have found an undeniable connection. Like kindred spirits drawn together."

He chuckled, the sound a melodic resonance in the quiet space they had carved out for themselves. "They do say that solitude is where the heart truly discovers itself. And in discovering myself, I've found you."

“I love you, For me I’ve never seen it so clear before”.

“That night I found myself in barckley square with you, Every bright neon sign turned into stars”.

“The moon seemed to be ours, I became yours and only yours” responded the man with glasses

They struggled to kiss at first but united their lips, the same way they united their souls that night.

Both youngsters looked at each other like whenever the teacher said to discuss the topic with the person next to you, awkwardly but both felt compassionate.

They both left the apartment to go “play” at the park although they only went to the dark hallways.

Queen hited her cherry flavored vape as they sat down besides a dark concrete Column nearby the sad single vending machine.

“Want some? It’s the cherry one” She asked politely which jester declined immediately he wasn’t getting lung cancer for some cherries, if he was it would be mango, not those gross “fruits”.

Wallace and gromit had teached both the fool and the queen many things about the people of England, that they liked crackers and cheese that they drived the other side, but never about such loud dungeons and dragons private plays in mid day “is that dice good” shouted the cannibal “Yes king” hardly breathing responded will.

Jester played occasionally with another friend but never so hardcore professional, “wow that’s some good acting out there” whispered to clem.

“They are not acting dumbas” jester asked in response “Romancing?”.

“Aaaa yes we’re in England they have a real king here,eww that’s a whole other level of sick roleplay like when we used to pretend we were lord of the rings characters, but at least those were fictional” he pulled his hand on his head.

“Ohh lord when will you succeed on illuminating his 3 goddam neurons”.

“No one will be sucking any seed ” he raised his voice.

“Not you tonight I suppose but the Home Depot guy he’s sure having lotta fun acting”

“Home Depot? nahh he’s more of a petco kinda guy”.

“Still why were you so crazy about a quirky old money couple” she hitted the vape again, creating smoke rings.

“They must be evil. I swear my dreams don’t go telling me nonsense all the time,” he tried to break one of the rings with a single finger.

“Sure about that? What about when you dreamed about Tchaikovsky being Cuban and playing some wild salsa, doesn’t that sound delusional enough” she raised her voice.

“My point is that those fuckers are up to something”

“Darling Laughing at vegans doesn’t make you a cannibal!” She raised her voice once again, grabbing jester by his fragile shoulders.

“But.. I “ he looked down sadly, unable to speak up against her arguments “alright fine”.

“End of the story, somehow you fixed our food that’s what we must be worried right now”

“Right... I’ll, just take everything you can to the hotel”

“You’re staying?” Jester responded with a mocking tone “Yep unless they try to eat me or something ” he laughed quietly “Just until the masquerade and then we flew back to our own ritz, filled with yummy food and maybe some hot chocolate”

“It’s gonna be quite a different place with you gone, that’s for true” she laid her head on jester’s left shoulder.

“It’s not as if I was going to some Sauron ahh war or some tragic shit like that girl”

“You’re going right into a war zone, but without any conflict going on pfff, be a good little niece for once”

“No worries I’ve got a my mighty sword after all imma palladin” he grabbed a stick from the dirty concrete ground.

“That’s a stick” jester responded “ but a mighty one tho” they hugged for some time, queen resting her hands on jester’s shoulders as if he truly was going away to war, one that she knew he couldn’t win, an unconscious a way of saying goodbye to the kid she grew up with.

Of many memories of fun she treasured, still dreaming of that peaceful house in the middle of the Sierra potosina they both visited once but fell for it, the mighty jungle that embraced those surreal walls.

Seeing the wind play around those old long curls from the once she met, that single moment of bliss would be always treasured in the world of memories from the mighty queen.

“Uhhh so what are we doing tomorrow?” Asked jester

“Crime, or maybe just go to the park” responded the queen

“I need to look after something of my dream, before we go anywhere wacky”

“Fine but you’ll figure out panthers are not pink” she chuckled before they said goodbye to each other.

Going each one a side.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry I don't post often, I like to take my time writing even if it's just thinking bout what sort of stupid jokes to Insert here.

But no worries lads I won't abandon it! (This year)

   and if I do it's probably cause I died or something.

Ye I also have a comic to work on so.

The Chesapeake Rizzler

Chapter Summary

Queen n jestah go have fun in a nice hotel we all know and adore part 1

Chapter Notes

I'm so so absolutely sorry for not updating for almost, yes almost not a full year. But I had a lot of stuff going on my life this last year, beginning with switching schools !!! Yay. Which has been quite a great experience, I've met some amazing people here and one of them says Kafka would've hated my works!!! true, so ye the story is already written just not not on my docs.

   so grateful for ur support and se ya soon

Jester woke up on the couch with a warm flower blanket.
Wondering how he got there, but it was already tradition to wake up in some random place of the house, so he didn't give it importance.

The place was quiet and surprisingly way too calm, after all there was a pretty "busy night" still dizzy from waking up too fast he looked at the window seeing for the first time in his instance in London Sunlight.

"Wow that's new!". There was a letter beside the couch, the jester opened it in wonder, like a child opens its presents on christmas.

Written in fine ink closed with a red stamp, resembling a fine invitation it was almost painful to open it.

Buongiorno

I trust this missive finds you in good health and high hopes. I pen this letter to you with a heavy heart, as recent events have bestowed upon me the burden of sorrow.

Our recent escapade to the downtown district was undertaken with the dual purpose of partaking in the preparations for an upcoming masquerade, while also affording ourselves a fleeting moment of respite and enjoyment. However, amidst the facade of revelry lies a somber truth that I feel compelled to share with you, dear Charon.

In the wake of a tragic accident, the endeavor to rebuild our lives has proven to be an arduous odyssey. The recent calamity, an unforeseen collision that unfolded on our journey to Europe, has left both Will and me profoundly affected. The passing of our beloved daughter, Abigail, casts a poignant shadow upon our hearts, and the road to healing seems steeped in challenges.

In light of these trying circumstances, I find myself in need of your support, dear Charon. Understanding the importance of appearances, especially leading up to the masquerade, I humbly beseech you to continue assuming the role of my esteemed little cousin. Your presence lends an air of normalcy to our endeavors, providing a semblance of stability in this tumultuous period.

In recognition of the assistance you extend, I am pleased to offer you a token of appreciation in the form of 300 euros per day. Consider it a fair payment for your gracious participation.

You're the child I always dreamed of having. If I ever thought of doing so, with heartfelt appreciation and the sincerest gratitude for your understanding.
"Charon".

Below the blanket there was a sticky note with a strictly different letter," we went to the shops, return the night food to the fridge, Take care of the dogs!"

He looked into the first letter with sorrow, promising himself that those years of middle school musical theater would be put to good use although not the singing so much.
("Probably") thought.

"Well money is money" he looked at one of the small dogs "But who am I to deny being treated in such a way? Right uh..Alejandro? The dog didn't care enough to look at the boy nor did it's companions.

They already had food on their plate so the fools job was essentially just taking them out for a small walk.

Jester grabbed the small thing they called "smartphone" in 2014 and began scrolling through vine as he stood up and began searching for something tasty in the kitchen, hot chocolate to be precise.

Receiving a DM from Snapchat

"Is the ground safe? Cause I'm Craving some of that old man food"

"🐒🐒 they're not home for the day Gurrll, Come over here"

"Omg🐒🐒🐒,Really!!"

"Yass"

"We gonna eat at the Ritz today!!!!!!"

"😍😍😍"

"Also bring me my clothes"

"K"

He sent a picture of himself with the flower crown filter, Noticing in the background a painting he didn't look well at before, it was a statue of a bull with its hands up on a sort of desert landscape.

It looked nostalgic almost as if he had seen it somewhere else before but as always like in creepypastas he didn't give importance because who cares? "Those creepy ahh paintings certainly remind me of something... pff Do I still look like a girl?, maybe it's that". The yellow dog looked at him.

"You don't say anything! Fluffy". The dog looked at him sad staring at the entrance door "Man I kinda look like a girly boy who is a boy but is girly but same tame was girly girly , ye that's it like platoons cave but short". The other dogs stole the couch from the fool so he had to sit in the miserable big fancy and very expensive dining room.

"Poor poor me, heheh let's see if there's still good herobrine videos on YouTube" as he placed his phone on the table and found a video to play he started to try sketching the demon on the dream ("was it an owl or a cow"?) wondered as time went by fast.

After a moment lost in thought, he decided to explore his surroundings. Meandering through the flat, he eventually stumbled upon the bathroom. Without hesitation, he took a quick shower, letting the warm water wash away the mundane worries of the day. Refreshed, he donned his old, comfortable clothes," A big cat sweater with glasses"and made his way back to the living room.

("Breaking news The FBI most wanted couple is still on the run as they were last seen on...") the brown dog accidentally changed channels with its paw ("Mr. Krabs, we're off to see the bubble, would you care to join us?"). Yeah The old good sponge bob he's just like me, Do we agree with that fluffy and.." he looked at the dog's collar for a second "Dingo? We sur du" said with a high pitched voice.

"Woof woof wowowowoowow!" The dogs started barking loudly when someone knocked on the door.

"Open, queens here" texted the queen although she was not part of any country's still active royalty she often felt like, with that ego of hers.

"Take I brought you the short overalls and the flower crown, of course you bought them".

"Great the fire fit, come in girl we gotta talk". As she made herself home the fool went to the bathroom to change clothes and tried to style his hair but it didn't work out so he left it that way." They genuinely gonna think we're gringos if you go out dressed as if we were going to gentrify Oaxaca".

"That's the catch, didn't you say I should use my acting skills? Yes you did and all great plays have great vestuary". Responded the fool from the bathroom "I never said that but alright we do need disguises".

She looked at the living room of the apartment in boredom "Omg! Alejandro why the hell do they have so many dogs here". screamed surprised by the sight of them.

"Stray and adoptive like us!" he shouted from the now open bathroom.

“They're kinda cute tho, not my kind of lifestyle but...” layed in one of the green walls looking in wonder at the curious paintings of men “he must like women a lot”.

Jester chuckled “could you pretty please put on their laces while I change?”. Requested the fool.

“Fine”

He came out of the bathroom excitedly, spinning in a slow motion to show the girl his brand new outfit from every angle ,She took some time to observe before complaining and standing up next to the door.

“See these drawings, it's the demon I saw in my dream”. He shoved the sketchbook on her face.

“Hmm ah yes I see”.

She picked the book and tried looking at the shape of it wondering if it reminded her of something, but it didn't nor even in her tumblr witch days had something like that pass across her moodboard “That's your foursona or something?”. Asked seriously.

“Hell nah I saw it in my dreams I swear I did!”.

“Great, just look it up on the internet, not a big deal”.

“They can look at my history in the router bill” he whispered to her ear. “No fucking way... u serious??”. Answered the queen

“Unfortunately I found out the harsh way, remember when I got grounded like a year ago? Well my parents found out I was searching for bad stuff😭”.

“No way did you search for the one girl two cups thing...” jester smiled at her in nostalgia “It was Pokémon XY but I added way too many exes, and went for the images part it didn't get that bad but they saw it, everywhere absolutely everything ”.

“You're so silly”. Smiled at him back.

“Pfew I search everything with my data, so what's today's plan anyway?, mean "miss adventure that involves getting lost in London”. She smirked

“We go putting on the Ritz!” He cried out excitedly.

They arrived at the hotel after renting some bicycles which they quickly found to much of a problem so they took a taxi instead, bringing the dogs with them and bragging to the receptionist to take care of them while they ate like fine two refined Victorian women.

It was the most magnificent interior, golden walls different types of plants lots of windows words couldn't describe it properly.

“Was it a busy night? Did they get the work, noisily or nah??”

“From what I remember.....” he began to tell.

The fool arrived already tired from doing nothing but to eat all day long , didn't bother to knock on the door and just entered the apartment already freezing,trying to make as little noise as possible.

Walking slowly step by step being persecuted by the dogs but them not making much noise.

“What a classic,I still remember sleeping that way on all my cousins quinces that I went as a kid” she said

“So I magically woke up on the sofa, but I didn't get to hear much, just a clang sound like, clan clan clan clan!”.

“Clang sound,My my So we're they...”

“Most probably but I don't want to imagine it, I mean their marriage is good and everything but... gurl they are like my parents exect they talk to each other and pay attention to me”

“Please Don't tell me you're getting attached

“No, no. No it's just I like the attention okay” he took a piece of cake

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Queen and jester continue their adventure as they go to look after what demon is trying to get the fool.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He raised his hand signaling the service to get them another round of strawberry cake, hot chocolates, croissants, cupcakes, lemon cake and the list could go on and on. The workers gaze with horror as she once again raises her hand, wanting more and more. Goodness they were exquisite gifts from the angles above them, quite literally. “Ain’t that a kick in the head? I finally got competent parents”.

“Boy I know it’s good and everything but they’re just the strangers who feed ya” she said.

“Wait the same way dogs feel?”

“Are ya calling me a pet?” He answered, trying to evade the previous theme for there the fool was in a great mood to be ruined by the mention of any of his parental issues. “You’ll be a cute chihuahua tho, instagramable enough to make some coins” he nodded after taking another fat piece of cake to his mouth, then raising his hand again. “So after the masquerade I’m leaving and with the money he pays u-“ she interrupted “Even more?! Woah it boy quite move”.

“Yep we can go somewhere else, I’m thinking, uh, Scotland!! It’s not far it’s probably cooler ya know they got dragons and everything even dudes in skirts and it’s also the same island”

“That’s wales... and such are called kilts you moron”. She took a sip of tea.

“I just want to wear one of those and then run in the little hills and hey, maybe. There’s actually some sun there” he whispered, trying not to laugh. “Although i can’t imagine it” he rolled his eyes. They both laughed with the pastries in their mouths, shaking and smiling. They had thought for so long about the moment they could be in such a legendary place, one so romantic and precious. Filled with memories of old long faded stars and the many stories that each detail around told, from the ballerinas to politicians, it was truly a dream come true.

“Messier!!” she shouted meanly after they finished “want anything else? She asked “Ah yeah I’ll take” he looked at the menu for the fifth time once again “piss n shit or whatevah ya call it” ordered the older one, the waiter nodding at them intimidated “better be taking good care of my kiddos” he thought to himself but keeping it there. Then he took off his scarf leaving it in the empty chair next to them, uncovering his neck and collarbones. There he was wearing

a graphic angry birds shirt with a wide neckline, she took a look at it for a moment before realizing there was something off. “Hey did you fall asleep or something? Some other wacky schizo dream or something” she asked “Wait why?” Answered wondering what she was talking about “you look freaking run over, just look at the bruises” added the queen, he quickly went to the fancy bathroom And took off his shirt in front of the mirror “Holy moly!!” Screamed The fool.

He came back to the table quickly “phew i still got my sticker tattoo” said as he sat down the table “also yeah I think I fell down or something. Mister birth me more tea I’m thirsty as hell” she rolled her eyes and took another piece of cake “Charon, there’s no way you still fall from the bed at this age that’s ridiculous” she blinked twice in a pay attention to me way.

“Who cares anyway, just a little bruise”

“Fine but I’m putting an eye on you”

“Wait a second” he added “what?” Whispered in curiosity. “It’s like the freaking horror films!!! The devil is inside of me!!” Shouted the boy getting all the nasty stares from all of the restaurant even the statues jaw dropped, she just nervously laughed “hehe he just saw the exorcist sorry everyone” stated as she looked around the room.

“We’ve had a conversation about this already” whispered, trying not to call any unneeded attention to them so they mutually looked at each other, it meant only one thing it was time to go to the most private place a hotel can offer, the gender neutral bathroom.

She hit her old strawberry vape, taking a breath hardly coughing a little, the fool patting her back so she could breath easily, he took his notebook out and noted something in the mysterious back of it “I’m going to believe you this time” she finally spoke “Dang it really?” Asked with amusement, little sparkles in his eyes.

“But I swear if you’re making this shit up I’m going to burn your Garfield collection”

“Yeah... uhh I actually have a plan today”

“What is it?” Responded as he flipped the page to see a shitty badly drawn image of what seemed as the London map or at least the part they were in “second thing they do in horror films Is looking for what are we dealing with- “So?” Asked thinking about what to say next “we go to a library” a sharp noise could be heard in the background surprising both of them, it was just a red head guy coming out of one of the toilets cigarette in hand “there’s one in soho gals, quite nice owner” he added to the conversation before leaving them behind “did he just?... never mind we’re going” said placing one of his hands on her shoulder.

“We need a disguise first”

“So now we go full James Bond? Style”

“Shakadelic baby”

First they returned to the hotel where they finished their charged breakfast after a good session of criticizing their popular annoying classmates and making fun of how lame the smurfs 2 was, then the true magic began. After returning the dogs to the apartment where they were properly fed and pet they took once again a taxi and began their journey to soho. “What the bloody hell are ya wearing?” Asked the fool after just noticing he had changed while they sat in the back of the vehicle “it’s my britannic disguise indeed madame”.

Dressed in a black trench coat with a big hat and who could forget the cane, brown thin and polished it looked more like harry potahhs wand than a cane but it was what he found in the flat “Out of all canes in the house you picked the one that isn’t?”.

“It would’ve been disrespectful to the guy okay” spoke the fool as she began to scroll on tumblr looking at the many posts and blogs, searching for anything interesting to look while he looked around the streets like a puppy pulling its head out the car window judging the streets that they crossed, his hair swinging around from the wind smile in face, joyful as always .She turned her head to see, it reminded her of a scene long ago during darker days where the fool would run around in the school patio wearing big colorful bows without the slightest joy in his eyes, just long hair swinging and it made her happy to see him enjoying the simplest things in life. “Enjoying the view?” She teased him and he simply nodded in agreement. It wasn’t a long ride when they finally arrived at the borders of soho.

Completely lost jester took the old map in hand and looked at it, directing the poor unimpressed girl into the darkest alleys of sweet old London. Crowded and noisy they didn’t seem to pop out of the crowd, they held hands and began walking walking together down the wardour street opening wide their eyes to look for any bookshop “the funky guy said it’s a big one so we shouldn’t have much trouble finding it” he thought, then the minutes went away and then the streets recovered, they did see one or two shops but none were convincing enough for them all “too comercial looking” then the crowded streets began to get lonely as people arrived to their jobs. It was now a desert tamed by no one but the rats and knives, the clouds were beginning to get darker than the usual light gray, and their patience too was beginning to fade till the queen finally asked someone on the street for the nearest library or bookshop just anywhere where to find books, the woman pointed at an old looking building that had seen better days. So they walked towards it “I don’t know girl... that place looks like they bite anyone outside the Industrial Revolution” she just took him inside the shop ignoring the fear in his face.

“Hello?? Is it open?” She asked “bet instead of books they sell tuberculosis” he complained taking a selfie inside the place when an old looking guy noticed them and properly welcomed them, well dressed and owl looking he was the living image of a bookworm, she spoke first talking about how they were writing about demons for their emo blog wich he didn’t doubt once. The fool gave the books he brought a little look and then rented them, for some weeks just enough for finding something. The process was short and sweet, he paid, then they left the store amazed by how pretty the interior actually was with a chandelier and everything simply wow for such a curious facade to say the least. And then their trip ended in a comfy coffee shop where they were finally able to sit down and enjoy themselves. Seeing the rain forming outside drop by drop, there was a woman playing the piano inside, many chairs and a chalk board for the menu.

“And to think James Bond has to do this all the time, ughhh” he complained once again, opening the first book looking at the curious title “demonology for kids”. She laughed “they do build kids differently these days”

“Yah...”

“Okay so we need clues, what about your nightmare can you recall what the evil thing looked like?”

“Uhh yeah it was like a janiroquake looking thing”

“A Bull? Or a dude that moves floors?”

“The bull!! Yeah that was it” they began flipping through the pages first looking for a drawing then in the text. First book nothing relevant was seen, then it came to the second “Was it a modern thing or old asf?” She asked

“I don’t know, one does not go ask the... DEMON! It’s age duh” the second then the third book went by and there wanted nothing to be found of those characteristics till she opened the last one.

“Pff fine Bond, what about the name?”

“The...” he paused for a second, getting really nervous out of nowhere struggling to form words, he mumbled something dramatically “M-ol!.. Mo”.

“Come on you can do it”

“That Fucker I saw it their name is MOLOCH!!! They told me themselves ohh dear goodness gracious” he whispered visibly altered pointing at the drawing on the book, she began to read the text that followed it “Moloch (in Hebrew, mlk) is a divinity worshiped by the peoples of the Levant, mentioned several times in the Bible. Moloch is generally represented as a human figure with the head of a ram, sitting on a throne and wearing a crown or other insignia of royalty, such as a staff. The sacrifices preferred by Molocher were children and teens because they are the beings most impregnated with matter” they turned dramatically towards each other “Nahh this is made up” he stood up and left the place behind going towards the cold streets.

“Wait there, what the hell is wrong with you”

“What’s wrong with me? And you even dare to ask, ha!”

“Don’t tell me that you believe in that made up trash”

“Weren’t you supposed to believe me? Isn’t that what friends do? Or is it only cause you’re playing with me, like always”

“What? Well I can’t believe you when it’s such a delusional thing to do so”

“So now I’m the crazy one”

“I never said that” she exclaimed “Don’t you think I don’t notice? Huh-“

“Yeah I’ve been mean sometimes but it’s not such a big deal.

“How I’m just here to entertain!! Huh- Charon...

“And I’m tired of it, I am no fool”

“I..” she could say anything else as he ran away as fast as his legs allowed through the sloppy tiles of the streets, so she followed him trying to catch him but unable to continue with the surprising speed. She simply stopped and stood there soaked seeing him fly away, without bows with no school patio. And she screamed loud and clear “Fool”.

She returned to the cafe to find the pianist playing “Don’t go breaking my heart” the queen simply sat down absolutely upset, looking at the open book as the pain in her chest began to expand but more than pain it was guilt. had she really been playing with the fool? Just toying with him.. So she ordered an ice cream and went back to the hotel in the metro. Wet and crusty she looked run over, the guilt wouldn’t let her go and so when she arrived in the room the only thing she did was sleep thinking that the pain would go away like that. Thinking about his sweet smile, the way it would make her happy seeing him joyful.

Chapter End Notes

Ohh brotha this chapter was supposed to be a single big one but it ended up being two :v, I hope u enjoy my works and if there’s any continuity error please make me know since I got a full year without writing this 🤔🙏🙏. Anywayssss

Feli dia d muertos an mis readers mexas. Disfruten su pancito y puente 🌟🇲🇽🇲🇽🇲🇽🇲🇽🇲🇽

Happy Halloween 🎃 everyone else !!!!

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